

THE STORY OF  
A MAN WHO  
IN HIS OWN  
LITTLE WORLD  
ABOARD SHIP  
WAS A LAW  
UNTO HIMSELF



IN THIS TALE  
JACK LON-  
DON'S SEA EX-  
PERIENCE IS  
USED WITH ALL  
THE POWER OF  
HIS VIRILE PEN

SYNOPSIS.

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, is thrown into the water by the sinking of a ferryboat in a fog in San Francisco bay, and becomes unconscious before help reaches him. On coming to his senses he finds himself aboard the sealing schooner Ghost, Captain Wolf Larsen, bound to Japan waters, witnesses the death of his first mate and hears the captain curse the dead man for presuming to die. The captain refuses to put Humphrey ashore and makes him cabin boy for the good of his soul. He begins to learn potato peeling and dish washing under the cook's eye. Muirbridge is caught by a heavy sea shipped over the quarter as he is carrying tea and his knees are seriously hurt, but no one pays any attention to his injury. Humphrey's quarters are changed aft. Muirbridge steals his money and chases him when accused of it. Later he listens to Wolf give his idea of life—"like yeast, a ferment... the big eat the little." Cooky is jealous of Humphrey and hates him. Wolf hires a seaman and makes it the basis for another philosophic discussion with Humphrey. Wolf entertains Muirbridge in his cabin, wins from him at cards the money he stole from Humphrey, and then tells him it is his, Wolf's by right of might. Cooky and Humphrey whet knives at each other. Humphrey's intimacy with Wolf increases, and Wolf sketches the story of his life to Humphrey. Wolf discusses the Bible, and Omoo with Humphrey and illustrates the instinctive love of life by choking Humphrey nearly to death. A carnival of brutality breaks loose in the ship and Wolf proves himself the master brute.

CHAPTER XII.

Several days more passed before Johnson crawled on deck and went about his work in a half-hearted way. He was still a sick man, and I more than once observed him creeping painfully aloft to a topsail, or drooping wearily as he stood at the wheel. But, still worse, it seemed that his spirit was broken. He was absent before Wolf Larsen and almost groveled to Johnson. Not so was the conduct of Leach. He went about the deck like a tiger cub, glaring his hatred openly at Wolf Larsen and Johnson.

"I'll do for you yet, you slab-footed Swede," I heard him say to Johnson one night on deck. The mate cursed him in the darkness, and the next moment some missile struck the galley a sharp rap. There was more cursing, and a mocking laugh, and when all was quiet I stole outside and found a heavy knife imbedded over an inch in the solid wood. A few minutes later the mate came fumbling about in search of it, but I returned it privily to Leach next day. He grinned when I handed it over, yet it was a grin that contained more sincere thanks than a multitude of the verbosity of speech common to the members of my own class.

Unlike anyone else in the ship's company, I now found myself with no quarrels on my hands and in the good graces of all. The hunters possibly no more than tolerated me, though none of them disliked me; while Smokey and Henderson, convalescent under a deck awning and swinging day and night in their hammocks, assured me that I was better than any hospital nurse and that they would not forget me at the end of the voyage when they were paid off. (As though I stood in need of their money! I, who could have bought them out, bag and baggage, and the schooner and its equipment, a score of times over!) But upon me had devolved the task of tending their wounds, and pulling them through, and I did my best by them.

Wolf Larsen underwent another bad attack of headache which lasted two days. He must have suffered severely, for he called me in, and obeyed my commands like a sick child. But nothing I could do seemed to relieve him. At my suggestion, however, he gave up smoking and drinking; though why such a magnificent animal as he should have headaches at all puzzles me.

I talked with Johansen last night—the first superfluous words with which he has favored me since the voyage began. He left Sweden when he was eighteen, is now thirty-eight, and in all the intervening time has not been home once. He had met a townsman, a couple of years before, in some rattler boarding house in Chile, so that he knew his mother to be still alive.

"She must be a pretty old woman now," he said, staring meditatively into the binnacle and then jerking a sharp glance at Harrison, who was steering a point off the course.

"But does she work? now? How old is she?"

"About seventy," he answered. And then, boastfully, "We work from the time we are born until we die, in my country. That's why we live so long. I will live to a hundred."

I shall never forget this conversation. The words were the last I ever heard him utter. Perhaps they were the last he did utter, too. For, going down into the cabin to turn in, I decided that it was too stuffy to sleep below. It was a calm night. We were out of the trades, and the Ghost was forging ahead barely a knot an hour. So I tucked a blanket and pillow under my arm and went up on deck.

As I passed between Harrison and the binnacle, which was built into the top of the cabin, I noticed that he was this time fully three points off. His eyes were wide and staring. He seemed greatly perturbed.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Are you sick?"

He shook his head, and with a deep sigh, as of awakening, caught his breath.

"You'd better get on your course, then," I chided.

He put a few spokes over, and I watched the compass card swing slowly to NNW and steady itself with slight oscillations.

I took a fresh hold on my bed-clothes and was preparing to start on, when some movement caught my eye and I looked astern to the rail. A slinky hand, dripping with water, was clutching the rail. A second hand took form in the darkness beside it. I watched, fascinated. What visitant from the gloom of the deep was I to behold? Whatever it was, I knew that it was climbing aboard by the log-line. I saw a head, the hair wet and straight, shape itself, and then the unmistakable eyes and face of Wolf Larsen. His right cheek was red with blood, which flowed from some wound in the head.

He drew himself inboard with a quick effort, and arose to his feet, glancing swiftly, as he did so, at the man at the wheel, as though to assure himself of his identity and that there was nothing to fear from him. The sea water was streaming from him. It made little audible gurgles which distracted me. As he stepped toward me I shrank back instinctively, for I saw that in his eyes which spelled death.

"All right, Hump," he said in a low voice. "Where's the mate?"

I shook my head.

"Johansen?" he called softly. "Johansen!"

"Where is he?" he demanded of Harrison.

The young fellow seemed to have recovered his composure, for he answered steadily enough. "I don't know, sir. I saw him go forward a little while ago."

"So did I go forward. But I didn't come back the way I went. Can you explain it?"

"You must have been overboard, sir."

"Shall I look for him in the steerage, sir?" I asked.

Wolf Larsen shook his head. "You wouldn't find him, Hump. But you'll do. Come on. Never mind your bedding. Leave it where it is."

I followed at his heels. There was nothing stirring amidships.

"Those cursed hunters," was his comment. "Too damned fat and lazy to stand a four-hour watch."

But on the forecastle head we found three sailors asleep. He turned them over and looked at their faces. They composed the watch on deck, and it was the ship's custom, in good weather, to let the watch sleep with the exception of the officer, the helmsman and the lookout.

"Who's the lookout?" he demanded.

"Me, sir," answered Holyoak, one of the deep-water sailors, a slight tremor in his voice. "I winked off just this very minute, sir. I'm sorry, sir. It won't happen again."

"Did you hear or see anything on deck?"

"No, sir, I—"

But Wolf Larsen had turned away with a snort of disgust, leaving the sailor rubbing his eyes with surprise at having been let off so easily.

"Softly, now," Wolf Larsen warned me in a whisper, as he doubled his body into the forecastle scuttle and prepared to descend.

I followed with a quaking heart. What was to happen I knew no more than did I know what had happened. But blood had been shed, and it was through no whim of Wolf Larsen that he had gone over the side with his scalp laid open. Besides, Johansen was missing.

It was my first descent into the forecastle, and I shall not soon forget my impression of it. It smelled sour and musty, and by the dim light of the swinging sea-lamp I saw every bit of available wall space hung deep with sea-boots, oilskins and garments clean and dirty, of various sorts.

Though it was a mild night on the sea, there was a continual chorus of the creaking timbers and bulkheads and of abysmal noises beneath the flooring.

The sleepers did not mind. There were eight of them—the two watches below—and the air was thick with the warmth and odor of their breathing, and the ear was filled with the noise of their snoring and of their sighs and half-groans, tokens plain of the rest of the animal-man. But were they sleeping? all of them? Or had they been sleeping? This was evidently Wolf Larsen's quest—to find the men who appeared to be asleep and who were not asleep or who had not been asleep very recently. And he went about it in a way that reminded me of a story out of Boccaccio.

He took the sea-lamp from its swinging frame and handed it to me. He began at the first bunks forward on the starboard side. In the top of one lay Oofy-Oofy, a Kanaka and splendid seaman, so named by his mates. He was asleep on his back and breathing as placidly as a woman. One arm was under his head, the other lay on top of the blankets. Wolf Larsen put thumb and forefinger to the wrist and counted the pulse. In

the midst of it the Kanaka roused. He awoke as gently as he slept. There was no movement of the body whatever. The eyes, only, moved. They flushed wide open, big and black, and stared, unblinking, into our faces. Wolf Larsen put his finger to his lips as a sign for silence, and the eyes closed again.

In the lower bunk lay Louis, grossly fat and warm and sweaty, asleep unfeignedly and sleeping laboriously. While Wolf Larsen held his wrist he stirred uneasily.

Satisfied with the honesty of his and the Kanaka's sleep, Wolf Larsen passed on to the next two bunks on the starboard side, occupied top and bottom, as we saw in the light of the sea-lamp, by Leach and Johnson.

As Wolf Larsen bent down to the lower bunk to take Johnson's pulse, I, standing erect and holding the lamp, saw Leach's head raise stealthily as he peered over the side of the bunk to see what was going on. He must have divined Wolf Larsen's trick and the sureness of detection, for the light was at once dashed from my hand and the forecastle left in darkness. He must have leaped, also, at the same instant, straight down on Wolf Larsen.

The first sounds were those of a conflict between a bull and a wolf. I heard a great, infuriated bellow go up from Wolf Larsen, and from Leach a snarling that was desperate and blood-curdling. Johnson must have joined him immediately, so that his abject and groveling conduct on deck the past few days had been no more than planned deception.

I was so terror-stricken by this fight in the dark that I leaned against the ladder, trembling and unable to ascend. And upon me was that old sickness at the pit of the stomach, caused always by the spectacle of physical violence. In this instance I could not see but I could hear the impact of the blows—the soft, crushing sound made by flesh striking forcibly against flesh. Then there was the crashing about of the entwined bodies, the labored breathing, the short, quick gasps of sudden pain.

There must have been more men in the conspiracy to murder the captain and mate, for by the sounds I knew that Leach and Johnson had been quickly re-enforced by some of their mates.

"Get a knife, somebody!" Leach was shouting.

"Pound him on the head! Mash his brains out!" was Johnson's cry.

But after his first bellow, Wolf Larsen made no noise. He was fighting grimly and silently for his life. He was sore beset. Down at the very

men in the trenches, now quite used to the war game, have been described as feeling "jumpy"—the sort of affliction that used to be called "mauseritis." Here is a state of mind not necessarily blameworthy, nor even unsoldierly; the bravest have experienced it. The feeling is given various names. As when a young nobleman was sent to the hospital suffering from "heart paralysis." Being immature, a mere youth, his heart, in fact, his whole body, was undeveloped—a man in spirit, but not yet in body. Being so conspicuous a figure it was up to him to display the supremest courage; and of course, he made good. All the same, there was a profound shock to his physical organism; and something had to evidence that shock. His soul was strong and brave; but his physical being, with its subconscious will-to-live, was afraid; and no shame to it or to its princely owner.

Why should men get equivocal about fear on the battlefield; why not frankly call it that and not "nerves" or some like foolishness? The courage lies all in going ahead despite the fear. The sublimest courage is the "two in the morning" sort, when one's physical condition is at its lowest ebb. And the wonder is, just that kind of courage is now being so magnificently and so lavishly displayed all along the battlefronts, where much of the fighting is done at night. All soldiers are likely to be afraid until they get used to warfare. This has been true of many famous commanders—Augustus, who won fame at Actium, Turenne, Napoleon, Ney. "A coward is he," declare, the bravest of the brave, "who boasts he never was afraid." Demosthenes talked fight plenty; but he ran away from his first engagement, as did also Cicero.

—Scientific American.

Draw Power From Air.

The mission settlement at Mt. Hope, 100 miles north of the arctic circle, in Alaska, is contemplating the installation of an electric lighting plant to be driven by large windmills. During the long arctic winter the steady winds in that region seldom fall below 20 miles an hour, which is ample for driving the power plant. Since fuel of any kind is exceedingly expensive in that region, the power will serve the dual purpose of illuminating and heating.

Too Much to Her.

A little girl who was enrolled in the extension department of the Y. W. C. A. was asked by one of the secretaries of the association why she no longer attended the technical grammar class. "Well," replied the girl, "I always thought a conjunction was a place where trains stopped. When I learned it was a word that connected other words the class was too much for me."

cause of confusion. They blocked their own efforts, while Wolf Larsen, with but a single purpose, achieved his. This was to fight his way across the floor to the ladder. Though in total darkness, I followed his progress by its sound. No man less than a giant could have done what he did, once he had gained the foot of the ladder. Step by step, by the might of his arms, the whole pack of men striving to drag him back and down, he drew his body up from the floor till he stood erect. And then, step by step, hand and foot, he slowly struggled up the ladder.

The very last of all, I saw. For Latimer, having finally gone for a lantern, held it so that its light shone down the scuttle. Wolf Larsen was nearly to the top, though I could not see him. All that was visible was the man's form fastened upon him. It squirmed about, like some huge many-legged spider, and swayed back and forth to the regular roll of the vessel. And still, step by step, with long intervals between, the mass ascended. Once it tottered, about to fall back, but the broken hold was regained and it still went up.

"Who is it?" Latimer cried.

In the rays of the lantern I could see his perplexed face peering down.

"Larsen," I heard a muffled voice from within the mass.

Latimer reached down with his free hand. I saw a hand shoot up to clasp his. Latimer pulled, and the next couple of steps were made with a rush. Then Wolf Larsen's other hand reached up and clutched the edge of the scuttle. The mass swung clear of the ladder, the men still clinging to their escaping foe. They began to drop off, to be brushed off against the sharp edge of the scuttle, to be knocked off by the legs which were now kicking powerfully. Leach was the last to go, falling sheer back from the top of the scuttle and striking on head and shoulders upon his sprawling mates beneath. Wolf Larsen and the lantern disappeared, and we were left in darkness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HARD TO CONTROL NERVES

Even the Bravest Men Have Been Known to Exhibit Fear Before Being Inured to Battle.

Men in the trenches, now quite used to the war game, have been described as feeling "jumpy"—the sort of affliction that used to be called "mauseritis." Here is a state of mind not necessarily blameworthy, nor even unsoldierly; the bravest have experienced it. The feeling is given various names. As when a young nobleman was sent to the hospital suffering from "heart paralysis." Being immature, a mere youth, his heart, in fact, his whole body, was undeveloped—a man in spirit, but not yet in body. Being so conspicuous a figure it was up to him to display the supremest courage; and of course, he made good. All the same, there was a profound shock to his physical organism; and something had to evidence that shock. His soul was strong and brave; but his physical being, with its subconscious will-to-live, was afraid; and no shame to it or to its princely owner.

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ROAD BUILDING

FIXING BAD SPOTS IN ROADS

Temporary Expedients for Making Them Passable—Should Be Employed Only in Emergencies.

(From Weekly News Letter, United States Department of Agriculture.)

Temporary repairs to roads are, or at least should be, confined to emergency measures. In proportion to the results obtained, temporary work is always expensive and is never justified by ordinary conditions. Unusual conditions, however, often occur to plague the road man. For example, the closing of a main highway to traffic because of construction, repair or wash-outs may suddenly throw a heavy traffic for a short time on a little-used and probably unimproved byway. Clearly, in such a case temporary expedients are legitimate.

The most common troubles met with in a case of this kind are mudholes and ruts if the soil is heavy, and dust and loose sand if the soil is light or sandy.

On a clay or gumbo road mudholes usually cause the most trouble. As water is absolutely necessary for the existence of a mudhole, any treatment, whether temporary or permanent in character, must provide for getting rid of the water. The first step is, therefore, to dig a trench to the side and allow the water and mud to drain. If necessary, open up also the side ditches. Furthermore, remove all of the soft mud left in the mudhole. The bottom of the trench should be filled with broken stone or coarse gravel so as to provide a drain to prevent any further accumulation of water. Gravel is the best material for filling the old mudhole. If gravel is not available, use the best earth at hand, tamping it down in three or four-inch layers. If possible, spread a little gravel or sand over the new fill, which should be made slightly higher than the adjoining road surface. The best treatment of all, however, is to keep the drainage in good condition. Serious mudholes will then rarely develop.

Don't try to fill a mudhole without first draining out the water and removing the soft mud. Don't try to fill it with large stones, because if this is done there will soon be two mudholes instead of one. Don't try to fill a mud hole with sods or similar material which absorb water readily.

On an earth or gravel road ruts are best treated with the drag. Don't be afraid of dragging too often during a rainy spell. If a thin coat of sand or gravel be spread over the road surface when it has been softened by rain and then worked in by traffic and a liberal use of the drag, a poor earth road can be much improved and made to carry a surprisingly heavy traffic for a short time.

In contrast to the clay or gumbo road, the sand road gives least trouble

during wet weather. On sandy roads anything that will prevent the free movement of the sand particles will be of value. As long as the road is damp, the surface tension of the capillary water acts as a binder and holds the separate grains of sand in place. All efforts should, therefore, be directed toward preventing the sandy places from drying out, or to adding some binder. The addition of clay furnishes a positive binder and is really the best and most permanent treatment. The addition of any fibrous material such as straw, spent tan bark, sage brush or pine needles is of value and, when spread on the road and covered with a thin coat of sand or allowed to work into the surface, will make an almost impassable sand road fairly good for a time. But the best way to treat a bad place, whether on a clay or a sand road, is to treat it before it gets bad. Immediate attention to small injuries will prevent later prolonged attention and extensive repairs to serious damages.

Reasonable Proposition.

A good road between every farm and market is a reasonable and worthwhile proposition.

Crushed Oats for Horses.

There is no doubt that crushing the oats fed to all horses is far the most economical way of feeding them. Any thrifty farmer can well afford to own his own crusher.

Prevent Chuck Holes.

Chuck holes in the road multiply if neglected. Each chuck makes another. Road patrol prevents the first one.

Servants, Not Masters.

Our country roads should be our servants, not our masters.

Experimental Concrete Road.

HEAT FLASHES, DIZZY, NERVOUS

Mrs. Wynn Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her During Change of Life.

Richmond, Va.—"After taking seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I feel like a new woman. I always had a headache during the Change of Life and was also troubled with other bad feelings common at that time—dizzy spells, nervous feelings and heat flashes. Now I am in better health than I ever was and recommend your remedies to all my friends."—Mrs. LENA WYNN, 2512 E. O Street, Richmond, Va.

While Change of Life is a most critical period of a woman's existence, the annoying symptoms which accompany it may be controlled, and normal health restored by the timely use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Such warning symptoms are a sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness.

For these abnormal conditions do not fail to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Cutter's Blacking Pills. Low priced, fresh, reliable; preferred by Western stockmen, because they protect where other vaccines fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 15-day plan. Blacking Pills \$1.00 50-day plan. Blacking Pills 4.00

Use any injector, but Cutter's best. The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 17 years of specializing in vaccines and serums only. Insist on Cutter. If unobtainable, order direct. The Cutter Laboratories, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

A Good Milkier. It is always a healthy cow. Nine cows in ten can be both healthy and profitable if the first sign of reduced milk yield is recognized as a danger signal.

Such cows can usually be toned up by the use of Kow-Kure, the great cow medicine. Used for twenty years for the cure and prevention of Abortion, Barrenness, Milk Fever, Scouring, Loss of Appetite, Diarrhea and Retained Placenta. Sold by druggists and feed dealers in 50c and \$1 packages.

Dairy Association Co., Lyndonville, Vt.

KOW-KURE

Mr. Johnson—I'll teach de young varmint to lie! He said a fish got away from him in de millpond today dat was as big as de fish dat got away from me down dar last week.

Mr. Jackson—Wal, p'raps dat's de trufe!

Mr. Johnson—Nonsense! Dar ain't no sech size fish as dat in dat millpond, an' dar nevah wuz!

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and removes dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

Cause and Effect.

"What lantern jaws Jones has!"

"I suppose that is why his face lights up so when he talks."

Danger that's known is a guidepost to safety.

A minister says the right path is often left.

Rest Those Worn Nerves

Don't give up. When you feel all unstrung, when family cares seem too hard to bear, and backache, dizzy headaches and irregular kidney action mystify you, remember that such troubles often come from weak kidneys and it may be that you only need Doan's Kidney Pills to make you well. Don't delay. Profit by other people's experiences.

A Nebraska Case

Mrs. J. T. Walters, Main St., Fullerton, Neb., says: "I had an almost constant pain through my kidneys and there was a dull, heavy feeling extending from my loins through my limbs. My entire system was run down. Nothing helped me until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They acted so effectively that I shall never hesitate to recommend them."

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